

One thing is noticeable about Sarah's behavior in the early part of this story: she takes every opportunity she gets to mock anything and everything that's distinctively Scottish, from the Brigadier's kilt to their reputation for being tight with their money. There's going to have to come a moment when the Doctor calls her on it, and it comes near the end of Part 1, when Sarah is gabbling manically on about how the landlord has the second sight. In the televised version he brings her back to sobriety by telling her that the bagpipe tune in the background is The Flowers of the Forest – a lament for the dead. But this is the Spanking Adventures, so instead he says:

‘Sarah, were you ever caned at school?’

Sarah nods, hesitantly, a little unwilling to follow this new line of conversation. ‘Thought so,’ mutters the Doctor under his breath.

Sarah grasps the nettle and says directly, ‘Six of the best on the seat of my panties, and don't change the subject.’

‘Oh, I'm not changing the subject,’ replies the Doctor. ‘You see, the cane isn't used here in Scotland. They use a thick leather strap called a tawse. It's another distinctive part of their culture. And if you carry on taunting their culture the way you have been, I fancy you're going to feel *that* on the seat of your panties ... if you're lucky.’

Sarah opens her mouth to make some retort about his idea of luck, but then realizes what he means and decides that's a subject she wants to avoid. The Doctor smiles to himself. The phone rings and she answers. For a flash she considers putting on her cod Highland accent but, chastened, thinks better of it. And with the news that Harry's been shot, we rejoin the televised version for a few minutes.

I'm now going to make a slight change to the episode's cliffhanger ending. Sarah stays at the oil base sick bay to sit with the unconscious Harry, and the Doctor tells her on no account to leave him on his own: there are strange forces at work. But it's a tedious job while UNIT are busy investigating the drilling platform disasters, and Sarah begins to kick her heels. Ever the journalist, she begins putting a story together in her head. Finally she can stand it no more. She gives Harry a look to make sure, but he clearly won't be waking up anytime soon. So she sneaks out into the corridor to find a phone.

The switchboard at Metropolitan Magazine puts her through to her editor. ‘Percy? ... Sarah Jane here. ... You'd never believe me! ... No, you wouldn't, so stop being so patronizing. Now, listen, I'm in Scotland, and I'm onto something. ... No, nothing to do with kilts. You know those oil rigs?’ And so she gets herself assigned to write the story, then creeps back to Harry's bedside – to find the bed empty. And it's only then that she gets attacked by the Zygon and placed in the decompression chamber for the Doctor to rescue in Part 2.

When he does rescue her from decompressive suffocation, she admits that she slipped out for a moment, but he's a little too concerned for her well-being to lecture her about her disobedience. The story continues on its way. But his warning about respecting the local culture seems to have a limited lifespan, and by Part 3 Sarah has gone back to her old ways, just when things are getting more serious. She and the Doctor have gone to Forgill Castle with the Brigadier to ask the Duke's permission to bomb the loch. This is going to call for a lot of tactful diplomacy, but Sarah is full of cracks about kilts, haggis and how losing the Forgill household servants to the oil company at least means the canny Scottish Duke can save on the cleaning bills for the dusty castle.

The Duke seems unruffled, but Doctor and Brigadier are not amused. They give one another a look, and then the Doctor turns to the Duke. 'Your grace, might you by any chance have such a thing as a tawse about the castle?' Sarah's eyes widen in horror.

'I'll enquire,' says the Duke, and goes to ring the bell by the door to summon a servant. Behind him he hears Sarah saying urgently, 'That's not fair!', followed by a stifled squeal. When he returns, it is to see Sarah horizontal across the Doctor's lap, with her pale green pants peeled down to her knees, exposing her beautiful bottom in red tartan panties. Unfazed, he says, 'I'm sorry, Doctor, it seems that we are unable to supply the object you require.'

'Bad luck, Sarah,' says the Doctor, 'that's part of the Scottish experience you're going to miss out on.' Despite herself, Sarah breathes a sigh of relief, then gasps again as he continues: 'I'll have to use more familiar methods to administer what's known in these parts as a skelping.' And with that, his hand slaps down hard on Sarah's tartan bottom, and she squeals out.

It is hard to read the Duke's reaction to the undignified spectacle of a howling, kicking girl having her bottom soundly spanked in the hall of his ancestral castle. It is being done to make a point that is at least partly for his benefit rather than Sarah's, but he seems to take no interest in it at all. Aristocratic detachment, wonders the Brigadier, or the same slight embarrassment that he himself always feels at these occasions? By the time the Doctor has finished with Sarah, however, he has formed another opinion...

The story now returns to the television version, with Sarah left behind at the castle to do research in the library. But before the Doctor goes, he has a confidential word with her. 'Keep a close eye on the Duke. I think he may not be all he seems.'

'And you're leaving me here with him alone?' says Sarah testily. The Doctor shoots her a look and she instinctively modulates to a less provocative tone. 'Why d'you think that anyway?'

`Because the Duke is the chieftain of the Clan MacRanald, whose tartan you happen to be wearing.'

`But I'm not, Doctor. You told me in the TARDIS it was too draughty for my kilt.' Then she realizes what he means, and a blush spreads across her cheeks. `Oh...'

`And it's a tartan you have no right to be wearing, at least as far as the more punctilious Scots are concerned. I'd have expected our Duke to take exception to the garment □ maybe even demand its removal...'

`Oh...' The blush deepens. Then her eyes flash with green fire. `And you'd actually have done that, would you?'

`Only with the greatest reluctance,' says the Doctor in a measured tone.

`So the fact that I *wasn't* spanked on my bare bottom means...'

`That this may not be the real Duke,' finishes the Doctor.

So Sarah is left at the castle, and the Duke sends his ghillie to fetch a set of steps for her to reach the books. She asks him to bring a cushion at the same time: those chairs look rather hard for someone in her present condition...

We now need to adjust a moment later in the episode, when Sarah has entered the Zygon ship and found Harry in the cell. But she hesitates, unsure whether it's him or a Zygon substitute.

`Look here, old thing,' says Harry in exasperation, `you'd better open this door right away or I'll put you across my knee when I do get out there.'

Sarah has never been so pleased to hear those words. This really is Harry! She presses the door control at once, and he is free. But he's not happy. `What the devil d'you think you're playing at?'

`Harry...'

`I mean, d'you realize how long I've been in that cell, my girl?'

`Harry...'

`So it's no time for you to play your silly games.' He starts looking round for somewhere to sit down.

`Harry, we're on an alien spaceship!'

`I know that rather better than you, old thing, and these bally Zygons don't seem to go in for chairs.'

Sarah purses her lips in frustration. 'I mean, Harry,' she says tartly, 'that if we want to get **off** this alien spaceship, we'd better get moving or we'll both end up in the cell.'

'Good point,' says Harry, and begins to move off down the corridor... away from the exit. Sarah makes a grab for his elbow and pulls him the right way. And out they come, back into Forgill Castle, where the Doctor and the Brigadier are waiting for them. Harry asks the inevitable 'What happened?' question, and the Doctor answers, 'Sarah stepped out of the room for a while and the Zygons took you.' Further chat confirms that there are other prisoners in the spaceship, including the real Duke. The Doctor declares that he had better go and get them.

'NO!' says Sarah involuntarily.

'Touching of you to be concerned about my welfare, Sarah,' says the Doctor, though he suspects she might actually be worried about something else, 'but even so, I must go in. Back in two shakes.' And he goes through the secret door into the darkness.

For a moment, everyone feels at a loose end. Harry looks round the room, and Sarah can see him mentally sizing up the seats. She suspects that if he gets the chance to sit down anytime in the next half-hour, **she** won't be sitting down for the next week. She reaches for her handbag where she always keeps an emergency change of panties. 'Well, if you'll all excuse me, she says, there's something I need to do.' She can imagine how, when the Doctor gets back with the real Duke, this situation might develop into an **extreme** emergency...

Suddenly a terrible scream comes from the depths of the secret passage, and Broton appears at the entrance: the Doctor has been captured!

The story continues on its route: UNIT prepare to move out, and Sarah and Harry stay behind at the castle. They're supposed to be looking for the reason Broton wanted to impersonate the Duke, but Harry has something else on his mind. 'Now look here, old thing,' he begins.

It's the old story. 'How many times do I have to tell you, Harry? I am **not** a thing!'

Harry bristles. 'Now, we're not having any of that silly nonsense now, my girl,' he snaps. 'If you're going to mess around, you can bally well do it when we're not looking for evidence. Or do you **want** us to miss the convoy back to base?'

'And I do **not** waste time!'

'Which reminds me,' continues Harry, 'I've just spent ages locked up on an alien spaceship. Because **you** let them kidnap me!'

`What did you expect me to do, fight off a Zygon singlehanded?' protests Sarah, but Harry's not listening.

`I'll tell you what *I'm* going to do, my girl,' he says, taking her by the arm. Sarah tries to tug it free, but Harry tightens his grip. Sarah tries batting at his hand, but Harry begins to pull her toward a chair. `The Doctor's right as always. There's only one thing to be done with you, Sarah, and that is a good spanking.' And with that he sits down and turns her over his lap.

As she lands on her stomach, Sarah feels her pants tighten around her bottom, intensifying the outline of the panties underneath. In the split-second before the first smack lands, her mind races through all the ways things could have turned out worse. If the Doctor were here... If the real Duke were here... If she'd actually gone to change her panties, and Harry had come looking for her. And then it begins. SMACK! `Ouch!' Things begin narrowing down to the most simple facts. SMACK!! `Yeowwww!!' She is being spanked. SMACK!!! `Owwwwwww!!!!' By Harry Sullivan. SMACK!!!! `Owwwwwwwwwwww!!!!' And her bottom hurts...